

A
P O E M

On His most Sacred MAJESTY

King G E O R G E

The SECOND, His

ACCESSION

TO THE

T H R O N E.

Addressed to the Right Honourable

T H E

Earl of P E T E R B O R O W.

By Mr. BECKINGHAM.

Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

Virg.

L O N D O N:

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Johnson b. 1167

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THE H R O M

BY M. JACKSON

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A

P O E M

ON HIS

MAJESTY'S

ACCESSION to the THRONE.



OR her departed LORD, does *Britain*
show

At once the Habit and the Heart of
Woe?

Do all his Merits bloom around his Urn,
And make us deem it Piety to mourn?
Fresh from his Ashes whilst his Glories blaze,
Are Sighs his Lawrels, and are Tears his Praise?

Yet

Yet *Mordaunt*, shall the Muse, nor wrong his Shade,
 Present a diff'rent Tribute to the Dead,
 O'er his dread Hearse the plaintive Strain forbear,
 And do him nobler Homage thro' his HEIR;
 To Empire hail him, in his SON, again,
 And proudly greet him on his *Second* Reign.

Let Kingdoms, to whose vacant Thrones arise
 From Stems, like BRUNSWICK's, glorious, no Supplies,
 The tott'ring Welfare of their State bemoan,
 And in a Monarch's Fate lament their own:
 But *Britons!* this be your sublime Relief
 From Loyal Anguish and from Patriot Grief,
 (To common Sov'reigns tho' that Lot may fall)
 A BRUNSWICK knows not how to perish, all:
 Transmitting (nobly conscious of his Race,)
 His own great Pattern for his Line to trace,
 To Nature's Claim he yields, in Part alone,
 And leaves his Virtues to remount the Throne.

Swift, let my Breast receive the sacred Fire,
 And give the swelling Subject to the Lyre,
 Swift, let th' enamour'd Strings these Sounds convey,
Britannia still enjoys a BRUNSWICK's Sway;
 Plenty confirm'd o'er all her Bounds is seen,
 Her Wealth still ample, and her Lawrels green,

Her

Her Name still weighty, and her Commerce large,
 And still the Balance of the World her Charge:
 Triumphant Freedom lifts her chearful Head,
 As tho' she thought not yet her Patron dead;
 Nor errs She; tho' his earthly Course be run;
 He breathes, ---- her Guardian in his Godlike Son.

And lo! the generous Shade we mourn'd so late,
 To join our Triumph, half returns from Fate,
 He bids the Muse the balmy Strains prolong,
 And adds himself new Vigour to the Song.

To me, no more, th' *Imperial Spirit* cries,
 Devote the fruitless Tribute of your Eyes,
 Tho' from a grateful Source your Sorrows flow,
 'Tis not my Glory, to bequeath you Woe.
 Who hope, their Duty my Regard should find,
 Let them enjoy the Bliss I leave behind;
 I scorn'd to be but half my People's Friend,
 Nor farther than my Reign my Views extend;
 Not poorly born to bless a single Age,
 More length'ned Prospects did my Zeal engage,
 Beyond my Grave I stretch'd my anxious Thought,
 Plann'd distant Bliss, and toil'd for Times remote;
 Thro' all my Lineage I dispers'd my Care,
 That latest Days might thank me for an HEIR.

As my first Boast, my new SUCCESSOR see!
 Your Zeal to him, is Gratitude to me:
 From my cold Urn, transfer your Duty there,
 And pay an Homage I with Pride may share;
 If to his Praise your Peals of Joy aspire,
 That Joy's an equal Tribute to his Sire.
 In him my noblest Labours shine confest,
 And all my self is pour'd into his Breast;
 Moulded by me for all the Trusts of State,
 'Tis I resume in Part your Empire's Weight;
 My Plans his Precepts, and my Beams his Guide,
 'Tis half Injustice, to report I dy'd.

His awful Speech here ends the Royal *Shade*;
 And finds his great Instructions well obey'd:
 Strait, his Illustrious Pledge extends his Hand,
 And to his strong Protection takes the Land;
 Darts thro' *Britannia's* Gloom th' enliv'ning Ray,
 And in its former Pride renews the Day.
 To greet their Bliss, the Nation pours along;
 One grateful Concourse, and applauding Throng.
 Behold each Visage strive, each Bosom boast,
 Contention glorious! who shall praise him most;
 Each Voice, each Pen, the Herald of his Fame,
 Whilst on the Shouts of Millions floats his Name;

The Hand that form'd him dwells on ev'ry Tongue ;
 Dear to each Heart the Blood from whence he sprung.
 Well might his SIRE, when he resign'd the Crown,
 Foresee his After-Praise and new Renown;
 Well might he bid the Realm its Tears restrain,
 And plead his Title to its Joys again ;
 His noblest Wishes amply we fulfill,
 And in the second BRUNSWICK, clasp him still.

Thus when o'er *Philip's* Urn, with martial Grief,
 All *Macedon* deplor'd the buried Chief,
 Their Trophies languish'd, and their Ensigns furl'd ;
 His lawrel'd Son strait rose upon the World,
 Shone forth with all the Genius of his Sire,
 And gave the drooping Nation second Fire,
 Renown, augmented, to her Arms restor'd,
 And *Philip* blaz'd again thro' *Alexander's* Sword.

Nor *Britain!* comes thy Monarch to the Throne,
 Enrich'd with Virtues in himself alone,
 But boasts the Royal CAROLINE his Bride,
 And bids you count her so much Wealth beside.
 To her your length'ned Acclamations rise !
 Send a new Theme of Wonder to the Skies !
 Our Empire's glorious Consort shalt thou shine,
 And not each Song, Oh CAROLINE! be thine?

To

To THEE what Homage would the Muses bring,
 Form'd for the Subject had they Strength to sing?
 But lost in thy too full Perfection's Blaze,
 Trembling, they follow with unequal Lays;
 In fault'ring Notes their stinted Art confess,
 And beg, would you be sung, you'd merit less.

What pious Transports must *Religion* feel
 To see a Crown at length repay thy Zeal!
 At length by Thee the Crown of *Albion* wore,
 In rich Exchange for *That* you scorn'd before,
 When for her Glory, you resign'd your Charms,
 To bless *Britannia* in a BRUNSWICK's Arms!

Mordaunt! these Strains indulgently regard,
 And be his Theme a Sanction for the Bard:
 To Thee he sings the Blessings of a Land,
 Endebted largely to thy Patriot Hand;
 To Thee, whose shining Deeds and lawrel'd Name
 Swell the proud Annals of thy Country's Fame,
 To Thee, in Age, whose unimpair'd Renown
 Still blooms, the Grace and Pillar of a Crown.



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